THE EMERALD.

SEMPER REFULGET.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE WANDERER,

No. I.

THE difficulty of giving general satisfaction to the variety of taste, genius, sentiment and dispositions of a large community, is sensibly experienced by every individual who has occasion to solicit public favor.

From the writer of a periodical paper for instance, one class expects ease, elegance and dignity, acute penetration and discriminating remark; another regards nothing but the playfulness of wit, turns over the researches of labor with a sneer, and laments the dullness of an author who does not always amuse with entertaining stories and ingenious humor. An hundred other peculiarities will be found among as many individuals, and an Essay like the picture of the Artist, will be carped at by so many critics, that every sentence will alternately be the subject of unqualified approbation or extravagant censure.—To gain unanimity of praise from this contrariety of taste, is a vain expectation, but the way to unite most voices in your favor, is to adopt the culinary precept and consult no body's taste but your own. THE WANDERER does not make these remarks without personal experience; and though it would be affectation in him to declare that he is regardless of public favor, yet it is truth to assert that he can only obtain it by first gaining his own. He is not unfrequently amused however by attending to the remarks which his weekly labor of leisure occasions. Sometimes indeed he will not deny that his best exertions are received with indifference, and the periods he had attempted to polish for a long life are carried in a week to their irretrievable bourne. Sometimes however the vanity of an author is gratified by seeing them figuring in the columns of a distant Gazette, or spoken of in the circles of fashionable literature. These however serve to convince him that the old man and his Ass is *a very pointed fable*, and that the Emerald and the Wanderer would be equally unfortunate upon the application of similar rules.

It appears however to be an opinion generally adopted, that periodical publications are of summer growth; that for a little time perhaps they may luxuriate in a rich soil, open their beautiful flowers, and scatter delightful fragrance; from them may be gathered an ornamental bouquet that may do well enough to dandle in the hand, but that they cannot stand against the cold of winter or furnish a chaplet of evergreen: that forced by artificial heat, they bloom without strength, and are liable to droop and expire

in the common temperature of the climate. That some ground has been given for such reflections is not denied, and it ought also to be acknowledged that there are many instances in which they are erroneous. The plants of the green house however are always among the *luxuries* if not the *necessaries* of life, and it is possible to keep alive that cheerful fire, which can protect them from every inclemency.

The sentiment or belief that a periodical performance will degenerate, like most astrological prophecies, is the very cause of the fact. Encouragement and applause are oftentimes necessary for the spirited continuance of any long and arduous labor, and the rewards which genius receives, supply it with materials for nobler enterprize. "Where nature has bestowed great "powers the love of fame burns "with a proportionate ardor, and "the exertions of men of genius "are called forth and rewarded by "the admiration which they natu- "rally excite." This remark, intended originally for one of the noblest prelates of the English Church, is applicable also to the more humble and limited designs of a periodical paper. Though it boasts not "great powers," it most commonly has the expectations that are connected with industry, and though not entitled to a rank among the splendors of genius, it has some claim from the assiduity of labor. However indifferent may be the execution of any individual, yet the abstract position will be universally acknowledged, that a periodical paper, devoted to subjects of elegant and entertaining literature, is beneficial to a community; the most cruel and insidious stroke therefore which can be aimed at a publication of this kind, is to represent it as falling off from original worth, as a plant without root withering in the sunshine, or changing by some antichysaline process from the transient splendor of butterfly beauty, to the tiresome insipidity of vermiculous life. The same exertions will not always be equally successful, and circumstances sometimes may conspire to prevent the full exercise of the same talents; yet these accidental aberrations should conclude nothing against the reputation of a performance in which variety is a constituent excellence, and which makes no pretensions to other honors than can be derived from occasionally mixing *cum utile dulci*.

A difficulty however equally great and much more dishonorable to the community, is thrown in the way by the contempt and disregard which attends *native productions*. That any thing pretending to claim alliance with literature should be of American growth, is sufficient for suspicion and generally for censure. To this folly and want of pride, we have formerly taken occasion to advert. But allow as facts what the Wanderer will very readily admit, that the subjecs of polite literature are mostly exhausted, that essay-writing in particular has been pursued till there is no longer novelty; that the genius of Addison has anticipated every grace of style, and the powers of Johnson every subject of invention; and that the objection is true against present writers which was advanced against the elegant Mackenzie and his able associates in the Mirror and the Lounger, that "their dreams have "been dreamed, told and interpret- "ed before; their visions have been "seen by former seers, their letters "from feigned characters are mere- "ly echoes, their allegorical ironies "scarce ever present humor, other- "wise than in old clothes which she "had before worn threadbare."—

Yet there are other titles to merit than originality. That which is recent has a chance for attention, which those that are older and better have lost; and the British classics with their undisputed claim to pre-eminence in every valuable point, would oftentimes be neglected, when the inferior productions of modern ingenuity would successfully lead to a similar improvement: Because we cannot outdo whatever has been done, no reason exists that we should not make the attempt to follow at an humble distance; for successive trials lead to perfection, and the man who would check the attempt, or in deciding on its execution, consider the source from whence it came, could not be considered very friendly to the literature of his country.

E.

For the Emerald.

THE TALE-BEARER.

When a man's tongue runs faster than his judgment it can rarely be said of him that he is merely impertinent. From talking without necessity, he soon talks without reason, and to supply subjects for garrulity takes the liberty of sporting with the character, feelings and reputation of his friends. To investigate characters for the purpose of displaying them, to acquire secrets for the pleasure of revealing them, soon forms a prominent part of his engagements; and the Babbler whose incessant volubility frequently gave occasion to the laugh of merriment, changes to the odious and detestable Tale-bearer whose thoughtless mischiefs and ruinious remarks uniformly subject him to the smile of contempt.

The tale-bearer is the most odious character in society. He has all the villany of great vices and all the meaness of little ones. Without discovering one ray of intellect, or a sentiment of courage, he makes more lasting difficulties in society than it is in the power of human ingenuity to redress.

That the pleasure of talking should be any compensation to a man for hazarding the domestic peace of a family or the public reputation of a magistrate, shows a pitiable deficiency of understanding or a miserable perversion of heart. With some things it may lawful to sport. We may justify a little harmless amusement, even with the feelings of our friends. Confidence may sometimes allow us to ridicule their fears, or laugh at his hopes. We may be gratified with suspense, or amused at the vain alarms of imaginary evils. This however is delicate ground that a prudent man would not choose to tread, but farther than this no one has a right to go. It can never be permitted to interrupt the friendship of individuals by representing in serious language the thoughtless expressions of levity, or the unguarded declarations of momentary anger.

The tale-bearer is generally the reporter of private conversation, but is destitute of that correctness or judgment which is necessary to give the same impression to his hearer that the speaker intended. He seldom discriminates between seriousness or humor, between the good natured freedom of friendship or the ill designed declarations of enmity. In officious haste he gives a remark without noticing the circumstances which palliate, or the the occasion that might justify. It is impertinence of this kind which creates coolness among acquaintance and difficulties among friends, and the tale-bearer has frequently to reproach himself with alienating

the affections of those who had hitherto maintained an inseparable union. A being so mischievous is a nuisance in society; his presence imposes a check on conversation and almost on the countenance, for one is afraid to indulge any freedom of manners when the illiberality of the tale-bearer may affix to it his own meaning and speak of it with what severity he pleases.

EMILIUS.

FOR THE EMERALD.

EXPERIENCE;

Or "Folly as it flies." A poem, delivered before the *Phi Beta Kappa* society, at their anniversary, August 28, 1806. *By Benjamin Whitwell.*

.....

A REVIEW.

In the criticism of ephemeral productions, very little ability is for the most part requisite; I therefore enter on this review, with the expectation of detecting the faults of the performance before me, and of placing its merits in their most advantageous light.

It is presumed, that nothing, less than the most urgent solicitation of his friends, would have induced Mr. Whitwell to violate his better judgment, in sending this poem to the press; for although some passages may be found, which would not be derogatory from a superior composition, yet, together with their paucity, they derive no small advantage from being contrasted with other parts of the performance.—The plan of the poem, as appears from its long argument, is somewhat ingenious; but unfortunately, it is too often easier to conceive than to effect: perseverance and ability are not always the concomitants of our fond intentions.

My opinion of the poem, as a publication, is, I believe, by this time known. I now therefore proceed to give my reasons for this opinion.

Joy thrills the lute, and rapture tunes the strings.—*l.*20.

Rapture is the excess of joy or sorrow, and I think, very incapable of *tuning* any strings whatever. Rapture is consequent, in this case, on joy, and therefore the lute is not tuned, till joy has finished playing. Joy makes poor music, I fancy!——

Whence is the stifled sigh of discontent
The faded cheek, the brow with wrinkles bent?
His ear no sound, his eye no visions move;
Cold is his bosom to the touch of love.
Within the rosy wreath that twines his head,
The wizard Care tormenting thorns has spread;
The scene around with gloomy vapor chills,
When cheerful sunshine warms the distant hills. *l.*21.

This is a very good delineation of an old misanthrope, though I suppose it was not so intended. But when we are told, in the ensuing lines, that care

Persuades the wretch the soft and silken band
Of love parental rudely chafes his hand;

We are hurried from this antiquated picture, to that of a youth, impatient of parental authority; and the transition is so unexpected, that, notwithstanding it should be supposed professional study would have taught Mr. Whitwell the true distinction between age and nonage. we cannot help convicting him of an anachronism in human life.——

Like an old oak successive centuries crown'd,
The bark decay'd, the root and heart are sound.—*l.*39.

This must be a favorite figure of the author, I therefore pass it over —The word "crowned," however,

the preterite used for the participle, is very inelegant, if not altogether incorrect.—Between the 75th and 84th lines, is a most singular account of the origin of Fashion, with some wonderful things she did, and also something the earl of Salisbury did!

Are they to learn, the author should unite
Wisdom with wit, & profit with delight?
Who thank the show'r denied the thirsty plain,
Were all its blessings scatter'd on the main?
If the cold soil no genial heat expand;
The sunbeam wasted on the desert land?
*l.*153.

In the four last of these lines, not content, like the poet of last year, with sporting on the verge of nonsense, the author plunges in at once, and rivals the renowned Colley Cibber of diving memory.——

Voracious harpies, they the food defile.
l. 193.

The learned author informs us in his notes, that these very harpies are described in Virgil!!! I take it this must be none other than the Virgil, who flourished in the reign of Augustus Cæsar, who dwelt in Rome, which is in Italy!

Sir, you mean me! some warning conscience cries,
You mean yourself, Experience replies:
Full many a tedious corner I go round,
Lest, my good friend, I trespass on your ground.
Who sat? the picture of a dog I drew,
Not "Tray, nor Blanch, nor Sweetheart"—Sir, did you?—*l.*203

This is a specimen of familiar satire—Begging pardon for the allusion, these lines are like stale pancakes, they are sour, and they are flat. Satire is not often wielded with a dexterous hand; the principal requisites of good satire are wit and judgment, and these are seldom properly assimilated by those who possess them.

Having noticed some errors of matter, it now remains to speak of the versification.—In this part of the performance, the gentleman has been peculiarly unfortunate; there are so many rough angles in his tortured prosody, that the best general comment, I can possibly make, is comprised in the 225th line of the poem itself,

Full many a tedious *corner* I go round!

Some of his lines are annexed, which I believe to be the worst.

Sibilant lines.

Languid with ecstacy soft pleasure sings,—*l.*19
Then mingled ranks no marks distinct express,—*l.*111.
By her insidious blandishment misled:—*l.*126.
Unlicenc'd on the sacred off'ring feast,—*l.*167.
A rapid sight to instantly decide—*l.*205.

Rough.

Systems elaborately harmonize.—*l.*200.
They have a patient ear, smiles at command.—*l.*203.
Change principle or party with their coat.—*l.*208.
Folly to blind, and ignorance to confound,—*l.*244.
Self-satisfied, contemplate a life well spent.—*l.*170.

Prosaick.

The moral constitution of the soul;—*l.*170.
To restrain vice and folly is their plan,—*l.*179.
Last testaments at pleasure, break or prove;—*l.*196.

With pleasure, I turn away from this dreary side of criticism, to the more grateful, though more laborious task, the selection of beauties. The field before me is by no means extensive, and whoever would cull the few flowers that remain, must reach them, through briars and thorns. The most regular and connected lines are in the beginning and end—Between the 159th and the 184th lines, there are some decent verses, and good sentiments—The best conceit in the poem is,

where, after speaking of false pretenders to taste, the author adds—

This stupid sign-post stands at Learning's door,
Tells, "entertainment here," but knows no more.

Shows, would have been much better in the last line than knows.

This couplet is very well,

Here Fashion reigns, her silken banner flies,
Bright with a thousand ever-changing dies.

There are some others, but "numero pauci labuntur."

Taking this performance "abovo," it appears like an unfinished hall, hung here and there with a piece of tapestry, which though it may attract for a moment, is soon forgotten in the surrounding rudeness of the place.

In conclusion—This poem holds no mean rank, among productions, delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society. Although it is not the most splendid performance, which has come from this holy brotherhood, yet it is not the least so.—Mr. Whitwell's good sense will show him, that I do not intend to hurt his feelings, by any high strains of flattery, when I express my opinion that he may say in the words of Columella, "Nec sum primus horum nec ultimus."

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE ORDEAL.....No. 1.

INTRODUCTORY.

Bid scenic virtue form the rising age,
And truth diffuse her radiance from the stage

EVERY exhibition for public amusement, is a subject of public investigation. The Theatre in a peculiar manner is subjected to general observation; as its influence on the morals, manners and feelings is perhaps more decided than any other object of such universal attention. That, *the drama's laws the drama's patrons give*, and that *the stage but echoes back the public voice*, are frequent and on the whole not untrue remarks. Yet it also may be asserted that auditors in their turn, are essentially influenced by the performances. The sentiments of the world are constantly progressing from change to change, and the Stage among other causes, has a very powerful operation in producing the effect.

In particular the influence of Theatrical performances on pronunciation and delivery, is strikingly great. People in general have no determinate idea of propriety in the utterance of language, and are ready to receive any impression as a standard, which an eminent actor may be disposed to stamp. Hence arises the necessity of keeping a check on Stage pronunciation; and hence too results the great effect which injudicious acting *may* have on the public taste. It should therefore be a primary principle with the Manager to suffer nothing but pure English to be uttered from the Boston Stage; and in laying his *emphasis*, the actor should be careful of conveying the most complete sense, of which the sentence pronounced may be susceptible. An attention paid to these objects by Garrick, extorted a compliment from Edmund Burke, in Parliament, which will not soon be forgotten. He said, that himself and every member of the house, were under infinite obligations to that consummate master of eloquence, for the lessons they had received from him in their own art; and he moved that Mr. Garrick alone, of the whole kingdom, should be made an exception to the rule

which closed the galleries on a debate, then about to be taken up.

But this is not all; the performers should be reminded that by their attention, the stage may be made, to use the expressions of Archbishop Tillotson, not only "innocently diverting, but instructive and useful, to put some vices and follies out of countenance, which cannot be so decently reproved, nor so effectually exposed and corrected any other way." Let these lines too be impressed on the attention of the performers,

> A nation's *taste* depends on you,
> Perhaps a nation's *virtue* too.

While the Manager therefore, is attentive to his own interest, he must also consult the effects, which his representations may be calculated to produce. Do not let him *merely* think of his purse, and be contented to vend that commodity which will sell best; but says Lord Shaftsbury, he "may know by certain tokens that his audience is disposed to receive noble subjects, and to taste a better manner than that which, through indulgence to himself, more than to the world he *may* be pleased to make his choice."

In tragedy he should often exhibit the best historical pieces, by which the scope of common knowledge is enlarged, and the usurpation of forgetfulness is resisted. Perhaps the most accurate information, upon particular subjects of ancient history, is that which is obtained after seeing some of our best tragedies performed. As a subject of polite literature, plays should be consulted for the purity of their style; their acumen of thought, and elegance of expression. All rant, fustian and bombast should be carefully avoided; and in time the public taste may be recalled to true discriminations of passion, instead of being led away by the pomp of shew, and declamatory vehemence.

In comedy, it should be the manager's endeavor, not to suffer any obscenity or indecency to be uttered; or any appearance of buffoonery to be observed. These catches of vulgar admiration "betray a very pitiful ambition in the fool that uses them." The *dress* in comedy should be nicely observed; let every performer be in *character*, as respects the fashion at the period represented, as well as the individual appearance. Any anachronisms in this particular, betray palpable ignorance, and are at the same time disgusting to the mind of a man of sense.

Such salutary purposes as the foregoing, it will be our endeavours to effect. We do not mean wantonly to cut away the flesh, but where the wound can only be cured by the lancet our hand will be found steady and unflinching. We in general intend, in our numbers, to give a concise character of the play represented, to introduce any exemplifying anecdote respecting it; and then to offer either a general or particular account of the performance. The report of acting on this week will not be made, excepting in general terms; as well because, we are willing to make allowances for the few first performances, as because we presume the company is not yet to be considered as formed. Besides, we wish to view the new performers in many characters before we can estimate their importance. We confidently expect soon to see a number of recruits in the company, or else the task of criticism would prove unavailing, from the incorrigible dullness of the objects of it, and uninteresting, from the constant repitition of its censures.

SPEED THE PLOUGH—(Morton.)
Monday, Oct. 13.

The intention of this play was laudable. To free the English stage from the vile immorality, incoherence and ill-designed feeling which pervaded it; from its German importations, of character without consistency, and sentiment without virtue: Mr. Morton wished

....To bid the reign commence,
Of rescued nature and reviving sense.

He has happily succeeded in his undertaking. He reconciled the favors of the German stage, by abruptness and mystery, but not by immorality and licentiousness; and he revived a taste for the genuine English comedy, by the charms of native integrity and honesty, and the useful mirth which pervade the whole piece.

This evening, a Mr. and Mrs. Poe, Mr. Turnbull and Mrs. Dykes appeared, as new performers. Our opinion of their respective merits, cannot yet consistently be announced. But in respect to some other parts of the performance, we do not conceive it necessary to withhold our remarks. When *Ashfield* and wife, anxious for their daughter's welfare, determine on opening her trunk to discover the contents of a letter they saw her throw into it, Mr. Powell as *Ashfield* was palpably incorrect in his part; and for that reason lost an opportunity of conveying much excellent morality.—After attempting to open the trunk, Mr. *Powell* says, "*I am sure she is innocent*," and leaves it unopened. Now there is no such expression in the play; but there *is* a deal of matter which was entirely omitted by Mr. P.

In the play, the box *is* opened; and the letter taken from it. Then, conscious guilt renders them (Ashfield and his wife) cowardly. "What must that father and mother be, says *Ashfield*, that do blush and tremble at their daughter's coming." He then refuses to read the letter, and giving it again to his wife, he tells her to "Put it *where* thee found it and *as* thee found it." The demand is complied with, and their peace of mind follows; the inevitable result of a consciousness of right behaviour. "Now" says he, "I can with pleasure hug my wife, and look my dear child in the face" Thus one of the most interesting scenes in the play was garbled and mutilated, and its advantage lost.

Messrs. Usher and Dickenson conducted respectably. But the play on the whole lagged with considerable heaviness; which it is perhaps but candid to attribute to a first night's representation.

For the Emerald.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS,
AND ORIGINAL REMARKS.

SOMETHING NEW IN DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

WE have not taken animals enough into alliance with us. In one of the most interesting families which it was ever my good fortune to visit I saw a child suckled by a goat. The Gull should be taught to catch fish for us in the sea, the Otter in fresh water. The more spiders there are in the stable, the less would the horses suffer from the flies. The great American fire-fly should be imported into Spain to catch musquitos. Snakes would make good mousers; but one favourite mouse should be kept to rid the house of cock roaches. The toad is an excellent fly catcher, and in hot countries a reward should be offered to the man who could discover what insect fed upon fleas

for, say the Spaniards, *no ay criatura tan libre, a quien falta su Alguacil.*

CROSS PURPOSES : A DIALOGUE.

I HAVE to inform you, that I was married since I saw you.

So much the better.

Not so much the better ; for my wife proved an arrant shrew.

So much the worse.

Not so much the worse ; for she brought me a fortune.

So much the better.

Not so much the better ; for with the money I bought a great number of sheep, which died of the rot.

So much the worse.

Not so much the worse ; for I sold the wool, and with the produce I built a house.

So much the better.

Not so much the better ; for my house was burned.

So much the worse.

Not so much the worse ; for my wife was in it.

LOVE.

LOVE does not awake in the heart of a virtuous woman those violent feelings the offspring of a delirious imagination. It does not at once occupy her soul ; it steals into it. It is not like a devouring fire ; but as the genial warmth of spring, it animates and fertilizes. It is so timid and unassuming, that it appears abashed ; it is so generous that it resembles friendship.—*Dechesse de la Vallière.*

WOMAN.

HER elegant and delicate figure charms the eye while it awakens desire, and the bosom of this new Hebe, agitated with a sentiment which she cannot define, fills the soul with involuntary pertubation. Tell me what art is capable of embellishing this celestial perfection ? Would you cover it with diamonds ? Would you load it with parisatical luxury ? Oh no : every ornament would conceal a grace, would rob it of a charm. A simple and light robe, complaisantly accommodating itself to her ravishing form, hair turned up with taste, or flowing gracefully ; a single rose—and you will behold one of those elegant and airy nymphs with which Albani has embellished his lovely compositions.

..... Three things a wise man dare not trust ;
The wind, the sun-shine of an April day
And Woman's plighted faith. I have beheld
The weathercock upon the steeple point
Steady from morn till eve ; and have seen
The Bees go forth upon an April morn
Secure the sun-shine will not end in showers ;
But when was woman true. .....
.....O fate, unjust
Of woman kind, (she cried :) Virtues bloom
Like violets in shade and solitude :
While evil eyes hunt all our failings out
For evil tongues to bruit abroad in jest,
And song of obloquy. .....

Southey's Madoc.

IN the following neat little Epigram there is equally the sentiment of affection and the spirit of poetry.

LINES

Addressed by a Gentleman to his Wife on the Anniversary of their Wedding day, when he presented her with a Ring.

THEE, Mary, with this ring I wed ;
So sixteen years ago I said :
Behold another ring ; for what ?
To wed thee o'er again ? why not ?
With that first ring I married youth,
Grace, beauty, innocence and truth ;
Taste long admir'd, sense long rever'd :
And all my Mary then appear'd
If she by merit since disclos'd,
Proved twice the woman, I suppos'd ;
I plead that doubled merit now
To justify a double vow.

HAPPINESS.

Do you wish for happiness ? En-

joy what you possess without consuming life in vain expectations; learn to be patient and set proper boundaries to your desires. Without moderation nothing can be really enjoyed.—*Veillees du Chateau.*

THE LOVE OF GLORY.

How should we shrink from the prospect, if the hearts of those who pant for what the world terms glory, were unfolded to our eyes? Could we have penetrated into all the secret thoughts of Alexander, Julius Cæsar, and Charles XII, with what sentiments of horror should we have looked upon those mighty conquerors.—*Le petit La Bruyere.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE ORDEAL contains no rude instruments of torture, but measures merit by the standard of truth. Genius will rest unhurt; but dullnes, ignorance and folly must expect that the ploughshare of criticism will pass so thoroughly over the soil as to clear it of its weeds.

The Theatrical censors of New-York and Philadelphia have been exceedingly popular in design and interesting in execution, and we confidently rely on the taste, judgment and information of our valuable correspondent to give equal celebrity to this departmnt of our paper.

The author of the REVIEW of Mr. Whitwell's poem has found opportunity for censuring not the poem merely but the society beforewhich it was delivered. We give it place in the Emerald *not because we approve its sentiments in this particular*, but because we are always willing to introduce the lucubrations of our correspondents which appear to be written upon the fair principles of criticism.

LAMON has taken French leave. We regret the loss of his society and shall be happy to find it merely a temporary absence.

We received a REVIEW of Mr. Whitwell's poem by another hand after the one published this evening was in type. The writer discovers judgment and taste, and we regret that, the subject being anticipated, we can make only the following extract.

"There are faults in the form and construction of the poem, and faults here are the least easily overlooked; it is the plan and ingenuity of design in a work, to which we look for interest and entertainment, the mere frippery of rhyme is within the reach of the most ordinary writer. Some examples however will shew that Mr. Whitwell is not very happy in his versification, and that we can see nothing in his numbers upon which we can felicitate the author "that he can so sweetly tune his lyre" or "sing such harmonious strains."

We solicit future communications from the writer.

CELERITAS is very leisurely dull for "a man in a hurry:" we remind him of the adage "*Festina lente.*"

We agree with a subscriber "that familiar proverbs would make good themes for dissertations" and we shall be happy to receive any he will send us.

OPINIATOR must "ruminate" rather longer before he attempts the amusement of the public.

EDITORS' NOTICES.

Treatise on the Statute of Frauds, by William Roberts, Esq.—a work very interesting to the profession, is now in the press of J. Riley & co.

A volume of original anecdotes of Frederic the Great will be published by the editor of the U. S. Gazette.

Subscriptions for an edition of *Butler's Hudibras*, announced as the first American edition of this entertaining work, are received by the editor of the Hudson Balance.

Fenelon's Treatise on the Education of Daughters, a work interesting and necessary for every one who has the superintendance of female education is publishing at the same place.

Chemistry, becoming a favorite study, requires a treatise which shall convey necessary instruction in familiar language. Dr. Ewel, of Virginia, has proposed to publish by subscription, *Plain Discourses on the Chemical Law of Matter*, a work which if well executed will be highly esteemed

Messrs. Marchant, Willington & Co. already distinguished for the spirit and energy of publications under their direction, propose publishing a paper for the country, to be called *The Carolina Weekly Messenger.*

POETRY.

For the Emerald.

[Although the following is within our general interdiction of elegiac verse, yet it has a claim to insertion, and will be read with pleasure.]

LINES

Sacred to the memory of a Friend.

Could pure affection dignify the lay,
Thy memory, *****, should forever bloom,
The mournful muse its dictates would obey,
And save thy virtues from oblivion's tomb.

For thou wert milder than the smile of spring,
Untainted by the vicious joys of life:
Thou ne'er didst mount on pleasure's wings,
Nor join contention in ignoble strife.

Thy manners, simple, friendly and sincere;
Thy face displayed the goodness of thy heart:
For sweet benevolence to thee was dear,
To thee did friendship all its glow impart.

But could the tongue whose accents all did love;
* That hand no more shall musick's charms inspire,
Save, where united with the powers above,
Hymning his God he wakes the harmonious lyre.

Virtue bewails thee laid in death's cold sleep;
Friendship laments in sorrow's garb
And o'er thy tomb the mourning muses weep.
Alas! the sweetest flower but blooms to fade.

Why should we murmur at the hand of God,
Why give death terrors that are not his own?
Death is a gloomy path, but must be trod,
To gain true bliss at Heaven's Almighty throne.

D**.

* *He excelled in instrumental music.*

For the Emerald.

[We inserted among the desultory selections of a late number the Abbe Barthelmi's prose translation of the following hymn and at the same time, by a singular coincidence, our correspondent favoured us with the subsequent original version, which, without an apology for repetition, we lay before our readers.]

A TRANSLATION

Of the hymn of Calistratus *in praise of* Harmodius *and* Aristogiton, *and which was want to be sung at the Athenian festivals.*

In the myrtle's verdant shade,
I will hide my glittering blade.
His Harmodius did entwine,
Thou Aristogiton thine;
When ye bad the tyrant die,
And gave to Athens liberty.

Ye ne'er shall die; in islands blest
Your immortal souls shall rest;
Where the swift Achilles lives,
And Diomed the brave survives.

In the myrtle's verdant shade,
I will hide my glittering blade;
His Harmodius did entwine,
Thou Aristogiton thine,
When in Minerva's sacred fane,
By you was fell Hipparchus slain.

Fame throughout the listening earth,
Shall sound your glory and your worth.
Yours Harmodius shall shine
And Aristogiton thine,
For ye bade the tyrant die,
And gave to Athens liberty.

D***

For the Emerald.

SONG.

Whene'er the pride of state
On majesty attends,
How joyous, how elate
Appear the host of friends.

Let Fortune now retire,
And give a beggar dress,
No more their eyes admire,
No more their offers press.

You fortitude must brave
The hiss of folly's tongue,
The ribald of the slave,
The scoffings of the young.

The friendship of the world
Is form—while we are gay;
Our dangers round us hurl'd,
It soon dissolves away.

AMARANTHUS.

SELECTED

THE DYER.

THE bare thoughts of dying fill most with dismay:
For my part, I'd willingly dye every day;
And for this, my odd whim a good reason I'll give—
The oft'ner I dye, the better I live:
With my scour away, wash away,
Fal de ral de ra.

As by a dying I live, for a living I dye,
But the world has produc'd deeper dyers than I;
Buonaparte dyed Jaffa with purple, and then
Dy'd his character black by deserting his men;
With his steal away, skulk away,
Fal de ral de ra.

Then for scow'ring, 'tis practis'd by many, I say;
When a buck sees a bailiff how he scours away!
And French seamen, finding a ship not their forte,
At the sight of our tars quickly scour into port;
With their skulk away, run away,
Fal de ral de ra.

To conclude, my last simile now shall be made;
Every Briton would willingly take up my trade;
My assertion is bold, but it will prove a true thing—
They'd all die in defence of their country and king,
With their smite away, fight away,
Fal de ral de ra.

THE STREAMLET.

THE streamlet that flow'd round her cot,
All the charms of my Emily knew;
How oft' has its course been forgot,
While it paus'd her dear image to woo.
Believe me, the fond silver tide
Knew from whence it deriv'd the fair prize,
For silently swelling with pride,
It reflected her back to the skies.

THE ROSE AND THORN.

OF the rose fair and young, poets often have sung,
And the thorn near its bosom embosss'd;
But notic'd have none that the rose is but one,
And the thorns are a merciless host.
Having liv'd out its day, the mild rose dies away,
Averse and unequal in strife;
But the thorns are still there, the rude emblems of care,
To wound through the winter of life.

THE CONFESSION.

Go, Colin, and boast of thy art,
Of the flatt'ry that dwelt on thy tongue;
Go, triumph, and say a fond heart
Was fatally lulled by the song.

I will own I was won by thy guile,
For, shepherd, my love was sincere;
Though thou leavest thy nymph with a smile,
She parts from her swain with a tear.

SONG.

Go to my dying sister's bed,
On your kind bosom rest her head,
By grief, by misery torn.
Bowed down by anguish, low it lies,
Like a half broken flower, that dies,
Reclining on a thorn.

Look on her visage, pale and wan,
Mark, how by violating man,
To madness' verge she's driven;
Go and this awful picture see,
A spirit struggling to be free,
And gain its native haven.

EPITAPH

On Mrs. Oldfield, the celebrated actress

This we must own, in justice to her shade,
The first bad exit Oldfield ever made.

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